Polo. That's good.

Play. Run barefoot up and downe, threatning the flames,
With Biſon rhume, a clout upon that head
Where late the diadem ſtood, and for a robe,
About her lanke and all ore-teamed loynes,
A blanket in the alarme of feare caught up.
Who this had ſeene, with tongue in venome ſteept,
'Gainſt fortunes ſtate would treaſon have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themſelves did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pyrrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his ſword her husbands limbes,
The inſtant burſt of clamor that ſhe made,
Unleſſe things mortall move them not at all,
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
And paſſion in the gods.

Pol. Looke where he has not turned his colour, and has teares in's eyes: prethee no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile have thee ſpeake out the reſt of this ſoone. Good my Lord doe you ſee the Players well beſtowed, doe you heare, let them be well uſed, for they are the abſtract and briefe Chronicles of the time; after your death you were better have a bad Epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My Lord I will uſe them according to their deſert.

Ham. Gods bodkin man much better, uſe every man after his deſert, and who ſhall ſcape whipping? uſe them after your owne honour and dignity, the leſſe they deſerve the more merit is in your bounty: Take them in.

Pol. Come ſirs.

Ham. Follow him friends, wee'll heare a play to morrow; doeſt thou heare me old friend, can you play the murder of *Gonzago?*

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'll hav't to morrow night: you could for need ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome doſen lines, or ſixteene lines, which I would ſet downe and inſert in't, could you not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well: follow that Lord, and looke you mocke him not. My good friends, Ile leave you till night, you are welcome to *Elſenour.* *Exeunt Pol. and Players.*

Roſ.

Reſ. Good my Lord.

Ham. I ſo, God buy to you; now am I alone.
O what a Rogue and peſant ſlave am I!
Is it not monſtrous that this Player here
But in a fiction, in a dreame of paſſion,
Could force his ſoule ſo to his owne conceit,
That from her working all the viſage wand,
Teares in his eyes, diſtraction in's aſpect,
A broken voice, and his whole function ſuting
With formes to his conceit, and all for nothing.
For *Hecuba?*
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to her,
That he ſhould weep for her? what would he do
Had he the motive, and that for paſſion
That I have? he would drown the ſtage with tea
And cleave the generall eare with horrid ſpeech,
Make mad the guilty, and appeale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
The very faculties of eyes and eares; yet I,
A dull and muddy metled raskall, peake
Like *John*-a-dreames, unpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing, no not for a King,
Upon whoſe property and moſt deare life
A damn'd defeat was made: am I a coward?
Who calls me villaine, breakes my pate acroſſe,
Pluckes off my beard, and blowes it in my face,
Twekes me by'th noſe, gives me the lye i'th thro
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Hah? s'wounds I ſhould take it, for it cannot be
But I am pigeon liver'd, and lacke gall
To make oppreſſion bitter, or ere this
I ſhould have fatted all the region Kites
With this ſlaves offall: bloudy, baudy villaine,
Remorſleſſe, trecherous, lecherous, kindleſſe vil
Why what an Aſſe am I? this is moſt brave,
That I the ſonne of a deare father murthered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Muſt like a whore unpacke my heart with words